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The surplus annual balance "shall be expended for books for the library."

— *Letter of Waldo Higginson,*  
*Jan. 10, 1893.*

Received 21 April, 1905











**Anelida and Arcite**  
by  
**Geoffrey Chaucer**

o

Cambridge univ. press

Facsimiles of rare 15th cent. books

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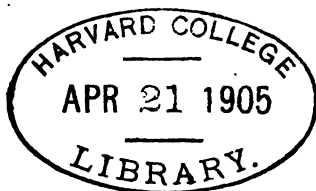
The story of  
Queen Anelida and the false Arcite:  
by  
Geoffrey Chaucer

Printed at Westminster  
by William Caxton about the year  
1477

Cambridge  
at the University Press  
1905

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*Sohier fund*

This edition of 'The Story of Anelida' was probably one of the first pieces printed by Caxton in England. The group of small quarto pamphlets to which it belongs are likely to have preceded such large works as the Canterbury Tales: and in this group the Anelida, the Temple of Brass and the Book of Courtesy may probably, on account of the narrowness of the page, be placed earlier than the others.

The copy at Cambridge was formerly bound, with seven other tracts printed by Caxton, in a volume which came to the University Library in 1715 by the gift of King George the First, with the rest of the library formed by John Moore, Bishop of Ely. See W. Blades, *The Biography and Typography of William Caxton* (London, 1882, 8vo.), pp. 201, 202.

F. JENKINSON

This facsimile has been taken from the only known copy of the original in the Library of the University of Cambridge

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed

P. DUJARDIN



*Amelida and the Argive*

Thou fierse god of armes/mars the rede  
That in the frosty contre called trace  
Withyn the gryssly temple ful of dede  
Honoured art as patron of that place  
With thy bellona/pallas ful of grace  
Be present and my song contynue & gye  
At my begynnynge thus to the I gye

For it ful depe is sonken in my mynde  
With pietie herte in english for tendyte  
This olde storie in latyn that I fynde  
Of quene amelida & fals arcyte  
That elde that all can fete and byte  
As it hath fete many anoble storie  
Hath nys deuoured out of my memorie

Be fauorable eke thou polinnia  
On pernafo that with thy sustren glade  
By elyton / not fer from areea  
Singeest with vois memorial in the shade  
Under the laurer the whiche may not fade  
And so that I my ship to haueyn bymme  
First folowe I stace and after that corymme

Whan thescus With Wyres long & grete  
Thaspre folk of cithye had ouercome  
With laurer crowned i his chare gold sette  
Home to his contre hool is come  
For Whiche the peple blissful al and some  
So cryeden, that to the sterres it Wente  
And hym to honouren, did al thair entete

Before this duc in signe of Victorie  
The trompes come, and in his banner large  
The ymage of mars, & in tokenig of glorie  
Men might see of tresoure many a charge  
Many bright helme & many a spere & target  
Many a fresh knyght & many a blissful route  
On hors & fote al the felde aboute

Polix his Wyf, the hardy quene  
Of cythia, that he conquerd had  
With emelle, her youg fuster shene  
Fair in a chare of gold, he With hym lad  
That al þe world aboute her chare she sprad  
With brightnes of the beaute of her face  
Fulfilld With largesse of alle grace

With this cypre & laure crowned thus  
In alle the flour of fortunes payng  
Bete I this noble pryncce Theseus  
Toward attenes in his way rydng  
And fonde I wil shortly for to byng  
The sleight way of that I gay to write  
Of quene anelida and false arcyte

Mars that with his furv9 cours of Ire  
Tholde Wrath of Juno to fuffyll  
Hath sette the peples hertes both a fire  
Of thekes and grece/each other to kyll  
With bloddy spere/ne restyd never styll  
But throg/nob here/nob there amoge both  
Til everiche other slothe so were the wrath

For Whan amphiorax and tides  
Ipmedon and parthonox also  
Were dede and slayn and proud capane9  
And Whan the wreched brethern also  
Were slayn and kyng adrastus hom y go  
So desolate stode thekes/and so bare  
That no wight/couth remedye of his fare

And when tholde creon gan espye  
How the blode Ryal Was brought adoun  
He held that cyte by his tyrannye  
And dide the gentyls of that regyon  
To be his frendes / & Women in that towne  
So what for loue of him / & what for albe  
The noble folk Were to the towne ydralle

Among alle these / anelida the quene  
Of ermonye / Was in that towne dwellyng  
That fayrer Was / than is the some shene  
Thurgh the Worlde so gan her name spryng  
That her to seen / had every Wyght lykynge  
For as of trouthe / is ther none her lyk  
Of alle the Women / in the Worlde ryche

Ponge Was this quene / of .xx. yere olde  
Of myddel stature / & of suche fayrnes  
That nature had a Joye / her to byholde  
And for to speke of her stedfastnes  
She passed hath penelope & lucre  
And shortly yf she shal be comprehended  
In her myght nothyng been amended

This the knyght elke soth to seyne  
Was yong & thez With al a lusty knyght  
But he Was double in loue & nothynge pleyne  
And subtyl in that craft ouer ony wight  
And Withe his clynnyng Wan þe lady bright  
For so ferforth he gan to her trouth ensue  
That she hym trusted ouer ony creature

What hold? I seyn she loued arcyte so  
That Whan he Was absent ony thowbe  
Anon her thought her herte brest atwo  
For in her sight to her he hure hym loþe  
So that she wold haue al his herte yknowe  
But he Was fals it Was but feryned chere  
All nedeth not to men suche craft to leue

But natheles ful mychel lesynes  
Had he or he myght his lady Wymme  
And Ware he hold? ope for desires  
Or from his Witte he said? he wold tWymme  
Alas the Whyle for it Was wuth & synne  
That she vpon his sorowes wold rebe  
But nothynge thinketh the fals as the trewe

Hyf freddam fonde arcyte in fuche manere  
That al Was his that he hath moche or lte  
Me to no creature, made he there  
Further, than that it lyketh to arcyte  
Eter nas lack, wherwith he myght her wite  
She Was so ferforth yeuyn him to plese  
That al that lyketh hym it dede her cefe

Eter nas to her, no maner lre sent  
That touched loue, from any maner Wight  
That she ne shewid it hym, er it Was lent  
So pleyh she Was a dyd her ful myght  
That she nel hiden nothig from her knyght  
Lest he of any vntrouth her vphayde  
With oute hode, his heste she obeyde

And eke he made hym Jelouse ouer here  
That whan any man had to her said  
Alon he wolde prayen her to stonde  
What Was þ word, or make him euil paid  
And than wode she out of her wyte haue hayd  
But al this nas but slepyght & flaterye  
Without loue he feyned Jelousye

And all this toke she so debonairely  
That al his Will it thought her skilful thing  
And ever the longer she loveth hym tenderly  
And did hym honour, as he were a kyng  
Her herte was to hym wedded With a ring  
So fetherth upon trouthe, is her entente  
That where he goth, her herte with hym wete

Whan she shal ete, on hym is al her thought  
That wel unueth, of mete toke she here  
And whan þ she was to her reste þrought  
On hym she thought alway, til þ she slepe  
Whan he was absent, prively she wol'd wepe  
Thus lyneth fayr anelida the quene  
For fals arcyte, that dyd her al this tene

This fals arcyte, of his newfanglenes  
For he to hym so lowly was and trewe  
Toke lasse wynte, of her stedfastnes  
And false another lady proude and nelle  
And right anon he clad hym in her helpe  
Wote I not whether, in whyte rede or grene  
And fals here fayr anelida the quene

But natheles grete Wonder Was it none  
Though he Was fals / it is kynde of man  
Synth lameth Was / that is so long a goon  
To be my loue as fals / as euer he can  
He Was the first fader that began  
To louen & wo / and Was in bygamye  
And he fond / tentes first but of men lye

This fals arcyte / somwhat muste he feyne  
Whan he Was fals / to couere his trayterye  
Ryght as an hors / þ can both bite & pleyne  
For he bar her on hond / of trecherye  
And swore / he couthe her doublenes espye  
And al Was falsnes that she to hym ment  
Thy swore this thef & forth his way he went

Allas What herte / myght enduren it  
For wouth & woo / her forow for to telle  
Or What man hath þ comynge or the Witte  
Or What man myght withyn þ chabre duelle  
Of that I reherce shold the helle  
That suffreth fair anelida the quene  
For fals arcyte / that dide her al this tene

5  
She wepeth, weyleth, & bewaileth piteously  
To grounde dede / she fulleth as a stone  
Crampisseth her lymmes crokedly  
She speketh as her Wit were al agone  
Othyr colour than ashen hath she none  
None othyr Worde speketh she moche or lyte  
But mercy cruel herte myn arcyte

And thus endureth til that she was so mate  
That she had foot on whiche she may sustene  
But forth languysshing awes in this astate  
On whiche arcyte hath route non ne tene  
His herte was els where, newe and grene  
That on her Woo, not depneth hym to thinke  
Hym retheth not, whether she flete or synke

His newe lady holdeth hym so narrow  
Op by the bydel, at the staves ende  
That every Worde he dead, as an arowe  
Her danger made hym bothe bolde and kende  
And as her liste, made hym turne & Wende  
For she ne granteth hym in her luyng  
No grace, Why that he hath lust to syng

When theſeus With Wertes long & greet  
Thaspre folk of cithye had ouercome  
With laurer crownded i his chare gold ſete  
Home to his contrie ſool is come  
For Whiche the peple blifful al and ſome  
So cryeden, that to the ſterres it Wente  
And hym to honouren, did al thair entete

Biſorn this duc in ſigne of Victorie  
The trompes come, and in his banner large  
The ymage of mars, & in tokenig of glorie  
Men might ſee of treſour many a charge  
Many bright helme & many a ſpere & target  
Mani a freſh knight & mani a blifful route  
On hors & fote al the felde aboute

Ipſita his Wyf, the hardy quene  
Of cythia, that he conquerd had  
With emelle, her pouer ſuſter ſhene  
Fair in a chare of gold, he With hym lad  
That al þe world aboute her chare he ſprad  
With brightnes of the beaute of her face  
Fulſilld With largesse of alle grace

With this triumphe & laurez crowned thus  
In alle the flour of fortunes payng  
Lette I this noble pryncce Theseus  
Towardz attenes in his way rydng  
And sonde I wil shortly for to bring  
The slepyght way of that I gay to write  
Of quene anelida and false arcyte

Mars that with his furpous cours of Iue  
Holds Wrath of Iuno to suffylle  
Hath sette the peples hertes both a fire  
Of thekes and grece/each other to kille  
With bloody speres/ne rested neuer styll  
But throg/nob here/nob there amoge both  
Til eueryche other sloughed so were they wrothe

For whan amphionax and tides  
Ipomedon and parthonox also  
Were dede and slayn and proude capane  
And whan the wreched brethren two  
Were slayn and kynge adrastus hom y go  
So desolate stode thekes/and so bare  
That no wight/couth remedye of his fire

And when tholde creon gan espye  
How the blode Ryal Was brought adoun  
He held that cyte by his tyrannye  
And dyde the gentyls of that regoun  
To beyn his frendes, & Women in that coun  
So what for loue of him, & what for albe  
The noble folk Were to the coun ydralle

Among alle these, anellida the quene  
Of ermonye, Was in that coun dwellyng  
That fayrer Was, than is the some shene  
Thurgh the World so gan her name spryng  
That her to seen, had every wyght lykynge  
For as of trouth, is ther none her lyk  
Of alle the Women in the World, ryche

Ponge Was this quene, of .xx. yere olde  
Of myddel stature, & of suche fayrnes  
That nature had a Joye, her to byholde  
And for to speke of her stedfastnes  
She passed hath penelope & lueres  
And shortly yf she shal be comprehended  
In her myght nothyng been amended

This theky knyght eke soth to seyne  
Was yong & thez With al a lusty knyght  
But he Was double in loue & nothynge plem  
And subtyl in that craft ouer any wight  
And Withe his cūnyng Wan y lady bright  
For so ferforth he gan to her trouth ensue  
That she hym trusted ouer any creature

What shold I seyn she loued arcyte so  
That Whan he Was absent any thowbe  
Anon her thought her herte brest atwo  
For in her sight to her he haue hym lobe  
So that she wold haue al his herte yknowbe  
But he Was fals it Was but feyned chere  
All nedeth not to men suche craft to leue

But natheles ful mychel lesynes  
Had he or he myght his lady Wymme  
And Ware he wold dye for distress  
Or from his Witte he said he wold Wymme  
Alas the Whyle for it Was wuth & synne  
That she vpon his folwes wold rebe  
But nothynge thinketh the fals as the trewe

Thye freedom fonde arcyte in fuche manere  
That al was his that he hath moche or lte  
Ne to no creature made he there  
Further than that it lyketh to arcyte  
Ther nas lack, wherwith he myght her wite  
She was so ferforth yeven him to plese  
That al that lyketh hym it dede her eese

Ther nas to her no maner lre sent  
That touchedy loue, from ony maner wight  
That she ne sholdy it hym, er it was lent  
So pleyn she was & dyd her ful myght  
That she nel hiden nothig from her knyght  
Lest he of ony vntrouth her xphreyde  
With oute hode, his heste she obeyde

And eke he made hym Jelouse ouer here  
That whan ony man had to her said  
Anon he woldy prayen her to swere  
What was þ word, or make him euell paid  
And than wde she out of her wyte haue hayd  
But al this nas but slepyght & flaterye  
Without loue he feynedy Jeloufye

And all this toke she so desonably  
That al his Will it thought her skilful thing  
And ever the longer she loveth hym tenderly  
And did hym honour, as he were a kyng  
Her herte was to hym wedded With a ring  
So farforth upon trouthe, is her entente  
That where he goth, her herte With hym wete

Whan she shal ete, on hym is al her thought  
That wel unueth, of mete toke she kepe  
And whan þ she was to her reste ybrought  
On hym she thought alway, til þ she slepe  
Whan he was absent, pruely she wol'd wepe  
Thus lyneth fayr anelida the quene  
For fals arcyte, that dyd her al this tene

This fals arcyte, of his newfanglenes  
For he to hym so lowly was and trewe  
Toke lasse wynte, of her stedfastnes  
And false another lady proude and newbe  
And right anon he clad hym in her helpe  
Wote I not whither, in whyte rede or grene  
And false hee fair anelida the quene

But natheles grete wonder was it none  
Though he was fals / it is kynde of man  
Synth lameth was / that is so long a goon  
To be in loue as fals / as euer he can  
He was the first fader that began  
To louny the / and was in bygamye  
And he fondy tentes first but yf men lye

This fals arcyte / somwhat muste he feyne  
Whan he was fals / to couere his trayterye  
Ryght as an hors / p can both bite & pleyne  
For he bar her on hondy / of trecherye  
And swore he couthe her doublenes espye  
And al was falsnes that she to hym ment  
Eh? swore this theef & forth his way he went

Allas what herte / myght endure it  
For wouth & woo / her sorow for to telle  
Or what man hath y compynge or the witte  
Or what man myght withyn y chabre duelle  
Yf that I referre sholdy the helle  
That suffreth fair anelida the quene  
For fals arcyte / that dide her al this tene

5  
She wepeth. Wayleth. & weolneth piteously  
To ground; dede / she fulleth as a stone  
Crampisseth her lymēs / crokedly  
She speketh as her Wit Were al agone  
Othēr colour than ashen / hath she none  
None othēr Worde speketh she moche or lyte  
But mercy cruel herte myn arcyte

And thus endureth til that she Was so mate  
That she had; foot on Whiche she may sustene  
But forth laugur / thing euer in this astate  
On Whiche arcyte hath routh; non ne tene  
His herte Was els. Where / nelle and grene  
That on her Woo / not depneth hym to thynke  
Hym rekketh not / Whether she flete or synke

This nelle lady holdeth hym so narow  
Op by the bydel / at the stauēs ende  
That euer; Worde he dead; as an arowe  
Her dānger made hym bothe bolle and kende  
And as her liste / made hym turne & Wende  
For she ne granteth hym in her luyng;  
No grace / Why that he hath lust to fenyng;

But drew hym forth smethe list her knowe  
That he was seruant vnto her ladyship  
But lest he were proud she held hym lowe  
Thus serueth he withoute mete or spere  
She sent hym now to land & now to shyppe  
And for she gaf hym daunger al his fyll  
Ther fore she had hym at her owen wyll

Ensample of this ye chrysty Women alle  
Taketh hede of anelida and arcyte  
That for her liste hym dre herte alle  
And was so meke therefore he loueth her lye  
The kynde of maies herte is to delpte  
In thing that strange is also god me saue  
For what he may not gete that wolde he haue

Now torne we to anelida agayn  
That pyneth day by day languysshyng  
But when she sawe that her gate no gayn  
Upon a day ful sorowful wepyng  
She cast her for to make a compleynyng  
And of her owen hand she gan it wyte  
And sende it to her theban knyght arcyte

Here foloweth the compleynt of ane  
quene of hermenye vpon false accyte  
of thebes.

So thirleth With the wit of remembrance  
The sword of sorrow, With fals pleasure  
My hert hene of blisse, & black of helpe  
That tornd is in quakyng, al my dounce  
My selfe in a whaped countenance  
Synth it auayleth not to be trewe  
For who so trewest is it shal her rewe  
That serueth loue, and doth her obseruance  
Alway tyl one, and changeth for no newe

I Wote my self, as wel as ony wight  
For I loued one With al my hert & myght  
More than my self, an. C. thousand synthe  
And called hym my hertis lyf, my knyght  
And was all his, as fer as it was right  
And whan he was glad, than was I blithe  
And his disese, was my deth as with  
And he agayn, his trowth hath me plight  
For euermore, his lady me to kythe

Now is he false / alas / and causeles  
And of my woo / he is so ruthles  
That with a word / hym list not ones dyne  
To hyngre agayn / my forowful herte in pyn  
For he is caught by / in an other lyes  
Ryght as hym lyst / he labeth at my payne  
And I ne can my herte / not restreyn  
For to loue hym / neyther the lyes  
And of alle this / I note to whom to pleyne

And shal I pleyne / alas the hardy stounde  
Vnto my foo / that pay my herte / a wounde  
And yet desireth / that my harme be more  
May certes / for the shal neuer be founde  
None other helpe / my sores for to founde  
My destyne hath shapen it so / ful pore  
I wil none other medycyn / ne lore  
I wil be ay / ther I was ones bounde  
That I haue seyd / he seyd for euermore

Alas / Where is become your gentillesse  
Your wordes ful of plesance and humblesse  
Your obseruances / and so lothe manere

Your alwayning, and your besynesse  
Upon me, that ye called your maistresse  
Your souerayne of this world is here  
Alas, and is ther now no word ne chere  
Ye touchen sauf, vpon my besynesse  
Alas, your loue, I bye it al to dre

Now certes I wote, though that ye  
Thus causeles the cause be  
Of my deadly aduersite  
Your manly reſon, ought it to respite  
To ſee your frende, & namele me  
That neuer yet in no degre  
Offerd you, as wyllly be  
That al wote, oute of wo my ſoule quyte  
But for I was ſo playn accyte  
In al my werkes moche & lite  
And ſo leſe you to delite  
My honoure ſauf, meke, kynde, and free  
Therefore ye put on me this wite  
And alſo ye reken not a myte  
Though that the ſwert of ſorrow bite  
My woful harte, thurgh your cruelte

My sweete foo, Why doo ye so, for shame  
And thinke ye, that furtherd be, your name  
To loue a nelbe, and be vntrewe, nay  
And put yow, in sklaundre now, & blame  
And do to me, aduersyte, and grame  
That loue you most, god thou host, alwaie  
Yet come agayn, & be thou playn, som daye  
And then shal this, þe nolbe is mis, & game  
And all forgaue, Whyle I lyue, maye

Lo herke myn, alle this is for to seyn  
As whether shal I pray, or ellis pleyne  
Whiche is the way, to do you to be trewe  
For eyther mote I han you in my cheyn  
Or with the deth, ye mote departe so sleyne  
Ther lye none other mene weyes nelbe  
For god so wysly, on my soule welbe  
As helye ye sle me with the peyn  
That may ye se vnseyned, an my be

And hold, I praye, and wepuey womāde  
May rather dye, than do so cruell dede  
And aye mercy causeles, What neede

And yf I pleyne, What lyf that I lede  
 Thanne wil ye labbe I knowe it out of dede  
 And yf that I to you, myn othes lede  
 For myn cause, a scorn shal be my mede  
 Your chere flourith, but it wil not sece  
 For longe a goo, I ofte han take hede

For though I had you to morn ageyn  
 I myght as wel holde apryll for reyn  
 As holden you, to make you stedfaste  
 Alle myghty god of trouth souereyn  
 Wher is y trouth of man who hath it seyn  
 Who y hym loueth shal hym fynde as faste  
 As in a tempeste is a roty mast  
 Is that a tame best, that is ay fary  
 To fle away, Whan he is lest agasty

But mercy wete, yf I mys seye  
 Haue I ought seyd out of the weye  
 I note, my witte is half a weye  
 I fare as doth the fonge of chanterweye  
 For now I pleyne, and now I pleye  
 I am so mared, that I deye

Acryte hath born alwey the kepe  
Of alle my Worlde and good aventure

For in this Worlde my creature  
Wakynge in more discumfure  
Than I ne more sorow endure  
And yf I slepe a furlong weye or twaye  
Thenne thinketh me your fygure  
Before me stont clothid in azure  
To profrey eft and new assure  
For to be trewe and loue me til he dye

The longe nyght this wonder sight I dye  
And on the day for thilke affray I dye  
And of all this right no light ywis ye reach  
Ne neuer mo myn eyen twaye he dye  
And to your wouth and to your trouthe I dye  
But beleauey for ben they to feache  
Thus holdeth me my destyne a wreache  
But me to rede out of this drede or gye  
Ne may my Wyt so weyke is it not streache

Thenne I thus syn I may do no more

I geue it vp for now and evermore  
For shal I neuer eft putten in balace  
My sikernes, or lerne of loue the lore  
But as the swan, I haue herd sepe ful pore  
Agayn his deeth, shal synge his penance  
So synge I here, my destyne or chance  
How that arcite, anelida so fore  
Hath thriede with the paynt of remembrance

Thus endeth the compleynt of anelida

The gylet of chaucer vnto his empty purse

To you my purs, and to none other wight  
Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere  
I am fory now, that ye be light  
For certes ye now make me leue here  
Me were as lief, be leyde vpon a bere  
For whiche, vnto your mercy thus I crye  
Be haue agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Now Touchesau, this day or yet be nyght  
That I of you, the blissful soune may be

But natheles grete Wonder Was it none  
Though he Was fals / it is kynde of man  
Synth lameth Was / that is so long a goon  
To be in loue as fals / as euer he can  
He Was the first fader that began  
To louen wo / and Was in bygamye  
And he fond tentes first but yf men lye

This fals arcyte / somwhat muste he feyne  
Whan he Was fals / to couere his traytetye  
Ryght as an hors / þ can both bite & pleyne  
For he bar her on hond / of trecherye  
And swore he couthe her doublenes espye  
And al Was falsnes that she to hym ment  
Thy swore this theef & forth his way he went

Alas What herte / myght enduren it  
For wouth & woo / her sorow for to telle  
Or What man hath þ compynge or the Witte  
Or What man myght Within þ chābre duelle  
Yf that I reherce shold the helle  
That suffreth fair anelida the quene  
For fals arcyte / that dide her al this tene

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She wepeth, weyleth, & woldmeth piteously  
To grounde dede / she fulleth as a stone  
Crampisseth her lymmes crokedly  
She speketh as her wit were al agone  
Othyr colour than asshen hath she none  
None othyr worde speketh she moche or lyte  
But mercy cruel herte myn arcyte

And thus endureth til that she was so mate  
That she had foot on whiche she may sustene  
But forth languysshing euer in this astate  
On whiche arcyte hath routhe non ne tene  
His herte was els where, nelle and grene  
That on her woo, not depneth hym to thinke  
Hym retheth not, whether she flete or synke

His nelle lady holdeth hym so narow  
Op by the hydel, at the stauers ende  
That euery worde he dead, as an arowe  
Her danger made hym bothe bolde and kende  
And as her liste, made hym turne & wende  
For she ne granteth hym in her luyng  
No grace, why that he hath lust to syng

But drew hym forth & mette list her knowe  
That he was seruant / vnto her ladyship  
But lest he were proud she helde hym lowe  
Thus serueth he / withoute mete or fyre  
She sent hym now to land & now to shyre  
And for she gaf hym danager / al his fyre  
Ther fore she had hym / at her owen wyll

Ensample of this ye chrysty Women alle  
Taketh hede of anelida and arcyte  
That for her list / hym deere herte alle  
And was so meke / therfore he loueth her list  
The kynde of man's herte / is to delyte  
In thing that strange is / also god me saue  
For what he may not gete / that wolde he haue

Now torne we to anelida agayn  
That pyneth day by day languysshyng  
But when she sawe / that her gate no gayn  
Upon a day / ful sorowful wepyng  
She cast her / for to make a compleynyng  
And of her owen hand / she gan it wyte  
And sende it to her theban knyght arcyte

Here foloweth the compleynt of aneida  
quene of hermenye Upon false arcyte  
of Thebes.

So thirleth With the wit of remembrance  
The sword of fowle, Whet With fals plesace  
My hert hene of blisse, & blak of helpe  
That tornd is, in quakyng, al my daunce  
My selbest in a Whaped countenance  
Syth it auayleth not to be trewe  
For Who so trewest is it shal her rewe  
That serueth loue, and doth her obseruance  
Alway tyl one, and changeth for no newe

I Wote my self, as wel as ony Wight  
For I loued one With al my hert & myght  
More than my self, an. C. thousand syth  
And called hym, my hertis lyf, my knyght  
And Was all his, as fer as it Was right  
And Whan he Was glad, than Was I blithe  
And his disese, Was my deth as swithe  
And he agayn, his trouth hath me plight  
For euermore, his lady me to kythe

Now is he false, alas, and causeles  
And of my woo he is so ruthles  
That with a word hym list not ones dyne  
To hynge agayn my forousul herte in pyn  
For he is caught by my an other leas  
Ryght as hym lyst he labbeth at my payne  
And I ne can my herte not restreyne  
For to loue hym neyther theles  
And of alle this I note to whom to pleyne

And shal I pleyne, alas the hardy stounde  
Vnto my foo, that pass my herte, a wounde  
And yet desireth, that my harme be more  
May certes, for the shal neuer be founde  
None other helpe, my sores for to sounde  
My destyne hath shapen it so ful pore  
I wil none other medycyn, ne love  
I wyl be ay, thet I was ones bounde  
That I haue seyd he seyd for euermore

Allas, Where is become your gentillesse  
Your wordes ful of plesance and haubillesse  
Your obseruances, and so softe manere

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Your alwayning, and your besynesse  
Upon me, that ye called your maistresse  
Your souerayne of this world is here  
Alas, and is ther now no word ne chere  
Ye touchen sauf, vpon my besynesse  
Alas, your loue, I bpe it al to dre

Now certes I wote, though that ye  
Thus causeles, the cause be  
Of my deadly aduersite  
Your manly reſon, ought it to respite  
To ſee your frende, & name,ly me  
That neuer yet in no degre  
Offerd you, as wyfly be  
That al wote, oute of wo my ſoule quyte  
But for I was ſo playn accyte  
In al my werkis moche & lite  
And ſo leſe you to delite  
My honour ſauf, meke, kynde, and free  
Therefore ye put on me this wite  
And alſo ye reken not a myte  
Though that the ſwert of ſorrow bite  
My woful harte, thurgh your cruelte

My swete soo, Why doo ye so, for shame  
And thinke ye, that furtherd be, your name  
To loue a nelle, and be vntrewe, nay  
And put yow in sklaundre now, & blame  
And do to me, aduersite, and grame  
That loue you most, god thou dost, alwaie  
Yet come agayn, & be thou playn, som tyme  
And then shal this, & now is mis, be game  
And all forgaue, While I lyue maye

Lo heere myn, alle this is for to seyn  
As whether shal I pray, or ellis pleyne  
Whiche is the way, to do you to be trewe  
For epther mote I han you in my cheyn  
Or with the deth, ye mote departe be twayne  
Ther lye none othex mene weyes nelle  
For god so wysly, on my soule rewe  
As serply ye se me with the peyn  
That may ye se vnspeyned, an my lewe

And hold, I praye, and wepuey womāde  
May rather dye, than do so cruell dede  
And aye mercy causeles, what neede

And yf I pleyne, What lyf that I lede  
 Thanne wil ye labbe I knowe it out of dede  
 And yf that I to you, myn othes lede  
 For myn excuse, a skorn shal be my mede  
 Your chere flourith, but it wil not sece  
 For longe a goo, I ofte han take sece

For though I had you to morn ageyn  
 I myght as wel holde apyn for reyn  
 As holden you, to make you stedfaste  
 Alle myghty god of trouth souereyn  
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Arrete hath born alþey the kepe  
Of alle my Worlde and good auenture

For in this Worlde, mys creature  
Wakynge in more discumfiture  
Than I, ne more forþ endure  
And yf I slepe, a furlong weye or tþey  
Þenne thynketh me, your fygure  
Before me stont, clothid in azure  
To profren eft, and new assure  
For to be trewe, and loue me, til he deye

The longe nyght, this wonder fight, I deye  
And on the day, for thilke affray, I deye  
And of all this right noight ywis ye reach  
Ne neuer mo, myn eyen tþo, he deye  
And to your wuthe, & to your trowth, I deye  
But beleaueþ, for þen they, to feache  
Thus holdeth me, my destyne, a wreache  
But me to rede, out of this drede, or gye  
Ne may my Wyt, so weþke is it, not streache

Þenne I thus, spy I may do no more

I geue it vp / for now and euermore  
For shal I neuer est putten in balance  
My sikernes / or lerne of loue the lore  
But as the Swan / I haue herd sepe ful pore  
Agayn his deeth / shal synge his penance  
So synge I here / my destyne or chance  
How that arrete / anelida so fore  
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Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere  
I am fory now / that ye be light  
For certes / ye now make me leuy chere  
Me were as lief / be leydy vpon a here  
For whiche / vnto your mercy thus I crye  
Be hay agayn / or ellis mote I dye

Now Touchesau / this day or yet be nyght  
That I of you / the blissful solwe may be

Oz see your colour like the some bright  
That of yelownes hadz neuer pere  
Ye be my lyf / ye be my hertes steere  
Quene of confort / and of goodz compayne  
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

Now purg that be to me my lyues light  
Andz saueour / as down in this worldz here  
Out of this toun helpe me by your might  
Syn that ye wil not be my tresore  
For I am haue / as nyght as ony freere  
But I pray vnto your curtoisye  
Be heuy agayn / or ellis mote I dye

Thynuoys of chaucer vnto the kynge

O conquerour of brutes albyon  
Whiche that by lyne / andz fre election  
Ben teray kynge / this to yow I sende  
Andz ye that may alle harmes amende  
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacion

Explicit. + + +

Whan feyth faileth in prestes salbes  
And lordes bestes ar holden for laibes  
And robbery is holden purchas  
And lechery is holden solas  
Than shal the lord of albyon  
Be brought to grete confusion

Hit falleth for every gentilman  
To saye the best that he can  
In mannes absence  
And the soth in his presence  
Hit cometh by kynde of gentil blood  
To cast a way al heuyenes  
And gadre to gidre wordes good  
The Werk of Wisedom berith witnes

Et sic est finis : + + +

Constat paulo

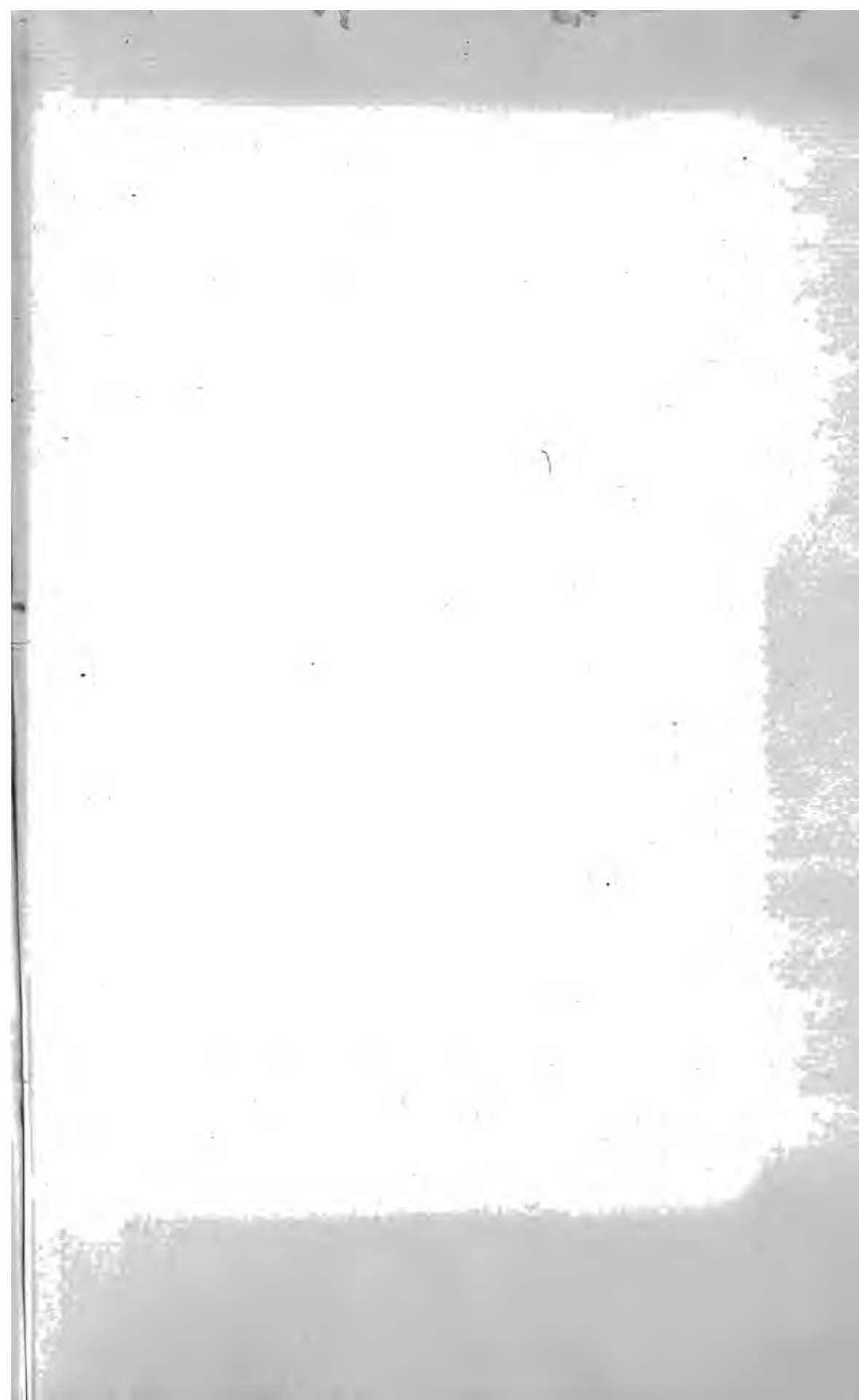
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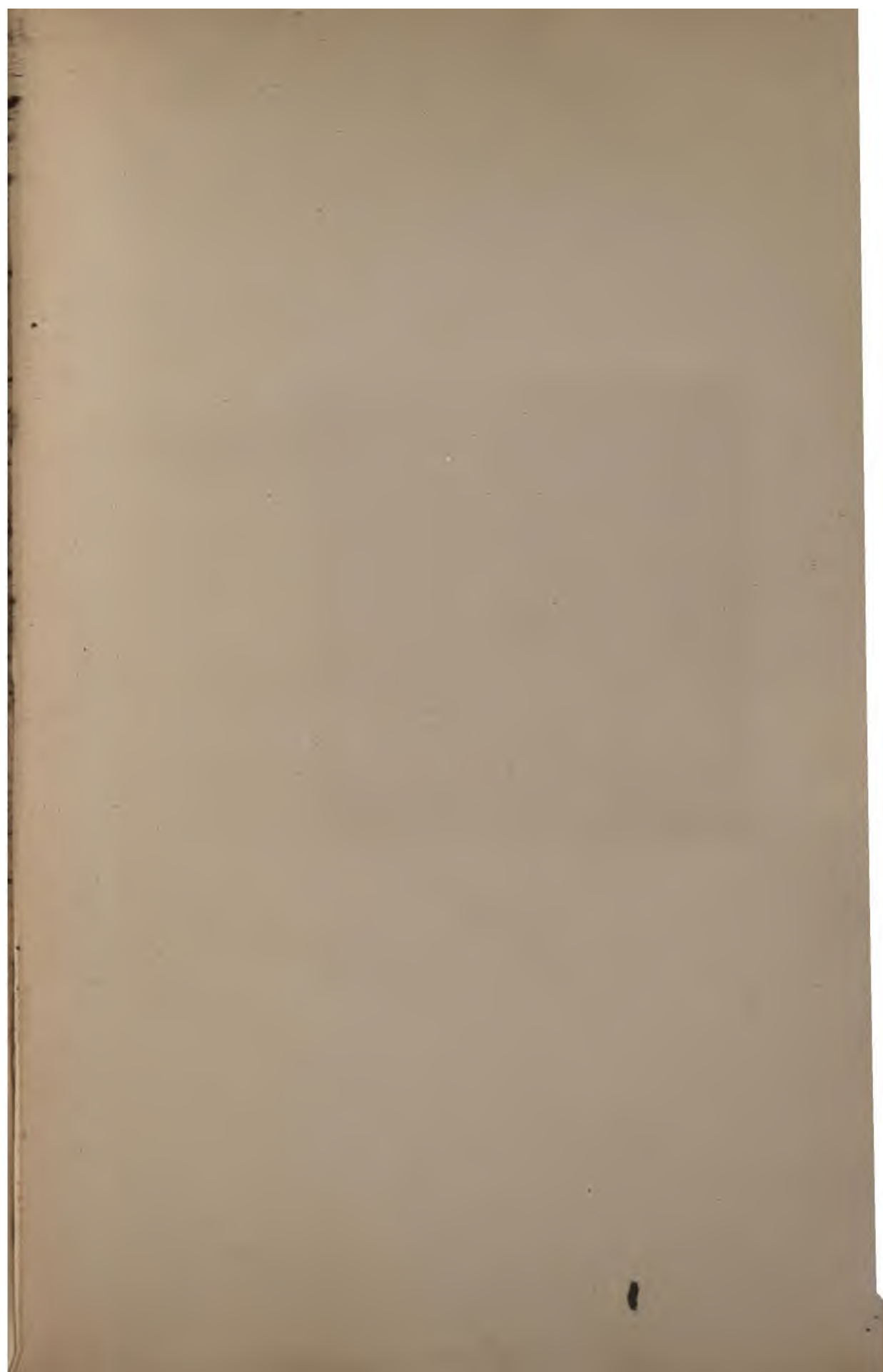
















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